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with the President of the Royal Academy. Sir Frederick, like Mr. Long, frequently disregards textures and values, but his canvases, like his poetical "Hero's Last Watch," in the present exhibition, are highly decorative in line, color, and composition, and there is intelligent purpose in the general smoothness of his surfaces, which is quite different from the slickness of Mr. Long's feeble, porcelain-like productions.

George H. Boughton's "Dancing down the Hay," a scene in the Orkney Islands, is painted with much refinement. Fisher girls are laughing merrily as they tread down the hay with rhythmical measure; men are raising the other part of the stack, and a farmer scatters salt to prevent the hay from fermenting. In the foreground, which is rather "painty," and, perhaps, too crudely green, fowls are picking up ears of grain. Of the rest of the picture it is hardly possible to praise too highly the delicacy of treatment, the well-expressed feeling of salt sea mist, and the nice discrimination between the middle plane of the perspective and the far distance, with its glimpse of coast and fishing-boats at anchor.

Excellent landscape-painting is also shown by that clever American, Ernest Parton, in "The Pool," with its lichen-covered rocks; a study of a grand, moss-grown old tree-trunk with weirdly gnarled branches, and "Through Hill and Dale," with its fine distance of green hills, and vigorous foreground with graceful silver birches springing from a mass of ferns.

"Samson and Delilah" is the subject of S. J. Solomon, whose "Cassandra" last year deservedly attracted much attention. The betrayed lover is struggling powerfully to free himself from his bonds. The Philistines crowd around him, while Delilah, a handsome brunette, in a white silk robe, confined at the waist by a yellow scarf, smiling, but half-fearful of the results of her treachery, draws back against a gold-colored curtain and holds up the locks she has cut from the head of Samson. The tigress's-skin on the floor is a suggestive accessory; so is the overturned table, which tells of the giant's struggles.

English painters have an exasperating way of keeping, year after year, to a subject they have made popular, and ringing the changes on it until one gets very tired of it. Mr. Orchardson, apparently, will never give up his "Mariage de Convenience," nor Mr. Waller his duelling subjects. "The Challenge" is the variation of the latter's theme this time. A very polite cavalier delivers a carter to another mounted gentleman who has just reached home—you see through the open door his young wife innocently nursing her child. The challenged party leans forward in his saddle to catch from the other the time and place of meeting, and crushes the ominous letter in his hand. The men are very well painted.

Mr. Orchardson's picture is called "The First Cloud." There has evidently been a "scene" between the young couple in evening dress. The husband, with an angry and somewhat worried expression, with his hands in his trousers' pockets, stands with his back to the fire watching the receding figure of his young wife, which, although only a back view is presented to us, is eloquent of indignation and wounded pride. "The First Cloud" is no less carefully executed than the two canvases of "Mariage de Convenience." There is the same sumptuously furnished apartment in white and gold, the same hotness of color, the same yellow atmosphere.

The few good portraits, perhaps, alone save the exhibition from the judgment of being even weaker than usual. Of these, Mr. Sargent's, undoubtedly, are the best, and next to them I would rank the brilliantly painted "Vicomtesse Greffulhe," by his master, Carolus Duran. It is just as it has been for two or three years past—an American and a Frenchman carry off the honors in portraiture; Hubert Herkomer—an Englishman only by naturalization—making a not very strong third, albeit his striking picture of a New England beauty in black, against a black background, is the best thing he has done for many a year. When it is remembered that Alma-Tadema is a Dutchman, and Boughton is more than half American, it will appear that the pictures this year in the Royal Academy Exhibition found most worthy of praise leave but little for the glorification of native English art.

JAMES S. HARDING.

ART NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE pictures, sketches and studies left by the late Eugène Isabey, recently sold at the Petit Gallery, brought high prices considering the quality of the merchandise. Isabey does not appeal to the modern eye; he was a

picture-maker of very great imagination, but his imagination was of a conventional kind; his execution was very skilful, but the skill was superficial, and, compared with the skill of a Meissonier it can only be regarded as a coarse trick; his color was brilliant and pleasing to the eye provided the eye seeks in a picture merely the color charm to be found in the contemplation of rich stuffs. The finished pictures sold very dear—e.g., "Procession Coming Out of a Church," 20x12 inches, 5000 frs.; "St. Hubert," 5x4 ft., 11,700 frs.; "Breakfast on the Beach," 27x10 inches, 3500 frs.; "A Breton Pardon," 7x5 ft., Isabey's masterpiece, 11,000 frs. The sketches, too, sold dear, particularly backgrounds and mere rubbings in, some of which brought readily 300 and 400 frs. I imagine that these rough sketches will appear in the market at a more or less distant period enriched with figures and processions in the style of Isabey, but not by the hand of Isabey. I remember seeing a finished figure by Bargue on a white panel, at the sale of that artist's atelier, which afterward appeared in the market with an added sketchy background, and, still later, with a minutely finished Oriental background, in which state it was sold by one of the first dealers in Paris as a genuine Bargue—wholly of the artist's hand.

Isabey, thanks to the lessons of his father, the miniaturist, knew the necessity of preparatory studies, the importance of drawing, the secrets of artistic observation of a certain kind; but, having once acquired this technical knowledge, he proceeded to work precisely as the romance writer works after he has acquired, once for all, the rules of grammar, and a ready and extensive vocabulary. Isabey was never known to work from the living model, or even from the lay figure, or to require any accessories whatever. He said that a painter ought not to illustrate: "If the painter has talent his picture is in itself a drama or a vaudeville, which needs neither prose nor couplets, and which ought to tell a complete story, with prologue, episodes, and dénouement." Likewise, he would say the man of letters ought to need no help from the painter. If a book or a poem is perfect, drawings add nothing to its merit. And the proof is that there is no writer of genius who has obtained any additional notoriety by the intercalation of engravings in his text. What have Shakespeare, Molé, Musset, and Lamartine gained by the aid of the most famous illustrators?

If one had unlimited space there would be much to be said about this year's Exposition Internationale in the Petit Gallery, in the Rue de Séze, where many most interesting works are exhibited, particularly by the rising masters of the new and progressive French, German and Scandinavian schools. I can, however, do little beyond mentioning the great lights, who are Albert Besnard, whose decorative panels and various studies are very original and powerful; J. C. Cazin, who is decidedly the most subtle and poetic of modern landscapists; J. F. Raffaelli, whose Jersey landscapes and English figures imply a delicate vision and an acute faculty for the notation of gesture and physiognomy; Kroyer and Liebermann, who are great painters and observers of reality; Claude Monet, whose observation is interesting in tendency, if not in result. America is represented in this exhibition by Alexander Harrison and James McNeil Whistler. Harrison sends some fine studies made for his last year's Salon picture, "In Arcady," some landscape studies, and a village street in the rain, which latter is wonderfully delicate and real in tone. Whistler's exhibit is, at once, interesting and disappointing. It consists of a series of his beautiful Venetian etchings; of a portrait of a lady in black, on a black background, less studied and less complete than his portrait of Sarasate, in a similar scheme, and of about fifty small "notes," "nocturnes," and "arrangements" in various shades and combinations of color. Many of these "notes" are marvellous in delicate precision of observation and fine perception of nature; others, again, are mere syllables of art, and others, especially those which deal with the female figure, as a motive for a color scheme on brown paper, are simply inadequate. So far as it goes, the Whistler exhibit is very interesting and very charming, but it does not go far enough, and that is why it is disappointing. Whistler's pretensions are so wide-sweeping, and his claims to greatness are so absolute, that we are justified in requiring great achievements at his hands. These "notes" are admirable, but we demand the results of the "notes" in finished pictures, which may go down to posterity and hang in places of honor in the galleries of the future. These "notes," beautiful as they are, will only

deserve a place on the revolving stands in the Louvre section of drawings, where they will figure in company with similar and equally beautiful "notes" by Bonington, Gericault, Delacroix, and Rousseau.

TH. C.

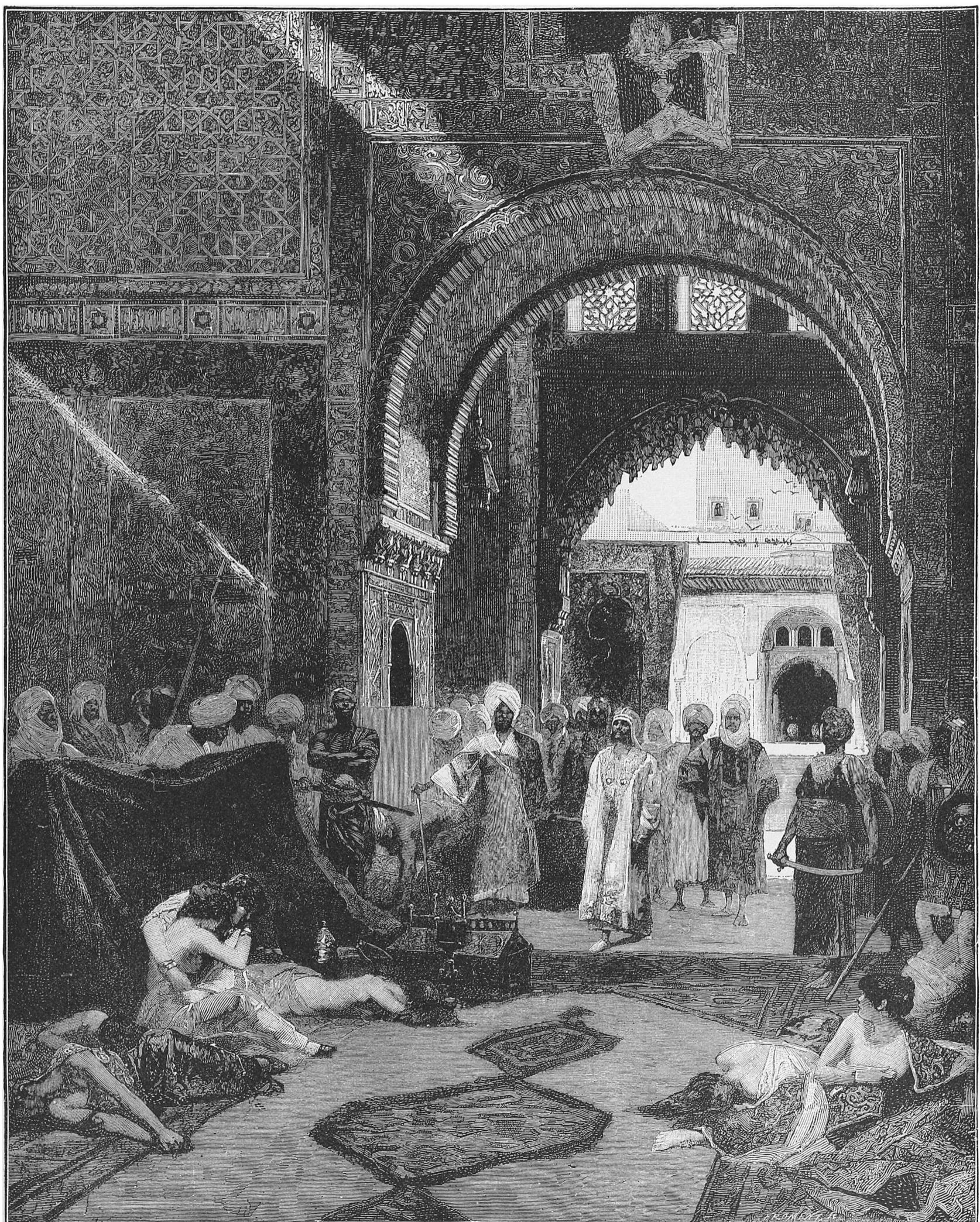
FRENCH PAINTINGS AT THE ACADEMY.

THE paintings imported "for exhibition only," by M. Durand-Ruel and the American Art Association, filled all the galleries and the corridor in the National Academy of Design during the latter part of May, and the whole of June. Including, as the exhibition did, important paintings by Henner, Lefebvre, Levy, and the leading Impressionists, as well as the designs of Puvis de Chavannes for his decorations in the church of St. Genevieve, it naturally attracted much attention. The designs last mentioned, with other works, by M. de Chavannes, nearly filled one of the smaller galleries. They are in a high and light key of color, having much the effect of old Italian frescoes of the pre-Raphaelite period. Their other qualities, and even their defects, also, suggest that the painter has made a thorough study of the decorative works of that period. The composition is very well balanced, without appearing to be studied, and an effect of atmosphere and sunlight is attained without detracting from the appearance of solidity required in a wall decoration. Several of the groups in which the history of St. Genevieve is illustrated are charmingly conceived, and there are passages of delicate color, although the general tone is somewhat weak. Certain archaeological details are, perhaps, open to discussion, and the drawing, whether of the figure and draperies, or of rock and tree-forms, gives no evidence of thorough knowledge. The same criticism applies to the painter's smaller works, "Peace," "War," "Rest," "Labor," "The Fisherman" and "Dreams."

The Henner, an "Eclogue," in which two nude female figures, one playing on a pipe, the other listening, are shown in a twilight landscape, is one of the most important works of the artist, and a masterly bit of painting. Its spirited brush-work and splendid handling of flesh make the absence of these qualities in Lefebvre's "Diana Surprised," at the opposite end of the gallery, rather painfully apparent. Yet this last picture is, in its way, remarkably fine. It is crowded with figures of Diana and her nymphs huddled together on the near side of a woodland pond, some draped, others undraped. Though the handling and color are of the conventional sort, so well known through the many examples of Messrs. Bouguereau, Perrault & Co., owned here, the refinement of the drawing and modelling lifts this painting to a much higher plane. Two female heads by Henner, and a small study for an Andromeda, were also shown.

One of the best, if not the very best thing in the exhibition, was a "Head of an Old Man," by Gailliard. This has all the vitality and the breadth of effect combined with high finish of a work by a first-rate old Dutch master. It would not be unworthy of Rembrandt himself. A "Head of a Florentine Girl" and a "Dead Christ," by Gailliard, were only less remarkable. The "Dead Christ" is unfinished, and, at first sight, does not compare favorably with the figure in Henri Levy's "Entombment." But it better repays study. The "Entombment," however, deserves all the praises that have been lavished upon it.

The Impressionists are not so well represented as in the collection brought here last year by M. Durand-Ruel. There were several very bold and very successful landscapes by Monet; Manet's effective daub of "The Death of Maximilian," which, it may be remembered, was exhibited in this city several years ago; several of Boudin's refined though summarily executed paintings of harbor views; some of Huguet's parodies of Fromentin; horses, by John Lewis Brown; studies of farm-yard subjects, by Sisley, and others by Pissard, which look like Roman mosaics rather than oil-paintings. "Sardanapalus" will not impress the visitor either by merits of composition or of drawing, and he may be at a loss to understand the enormous reputation it has enjoyed, unless he be a painter himself. Then he will recognize at once the marvellous skill of this great colorist, the facility with which he has overcome technical difficulties, seemingly insuperable, and, indeed, would appear to have created these difficulties for the purpose of showing how easily he could vanquish them. The "Sardanapalus" is "caviare to the general," but, to the decorative painter, its appreciative study is a liberal education.



"AFTER THE VICTORY." BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

LENT BY MR. GEORGE A. DRUMMOND TO THE EXHIBITION OF THE MONTREAL ART ASSOCIATION.